

## WANT TO COME BACK.

Stranded in the West Many Ask Passes Home.

Atlanta Constitution.

Many requests have come to local railroad men for passes or special rates for former Georgians and Carolinians who have hurried into the southwest to get rich in a year or two, according to the statements and glowing accounts of the land agents, while in reality they have only become stranded in a section where the opportunities for wealth are as rare as neighbors, which is saying much in a sparsely settled territory. Many of these requests have been most pitiful, and told of real want and suffering, with a return to their old homes in the southeast as their only request.

These same officials have many stories to tell of those who have made their return by any and every means possible and have landed in their old neighborhood with accounts of conditions in the southwest about as far removed from the glowing stories of land agents as the United States from China. It is needless to state that southwestern land agents, with all their ability at description and eloquence, cannot offset the simple statements of truth as made by those who have been there, have tested the promises and have come home feeling certain that Georgia is about the nearest suburb of Paradise and the best place to acquire riches that can be found anywhere. These same persons have been particularly sad when they learned of the prices which their old neighbors received for their cotton and which they might also have received except for coming under the influence of the enthusiasm of the land agent. And when they have seen these same old neighbors burying to the bank with the profits realized in dear old Georgia, they have said things of the southwest and land agents which would not look well in print, say the southeastern officials.

But there are many others who are in far worse condition, because having moved into the southwest and taken their families with them, are still out there, because of their inability to return to Georgia or the southeast, lacking both the money needed for railroad fare, and even this supplied, would return only to find their old farms occupied by those who have made money, thanks to the prevailing prices of cotton and also the low figure at which the farm was purchased.

Needless to say, these land agents have given those sections where victims have returned a very wide berth. The reason is evident. They have nothing with which to counteract the statements made by those who have tested the flattering promises. As to the pictures or photographs shown in the advertising matter, victims who have returned state that there is no doubt but that the fields of cotton in the southwest are most attractive in appearance, but in the end far more attractive than profitable. They state that the plants run too much stalk and that while the bushes are very high, the bolls are far between and the fruit scarce for the same reason.

Added to this they claim that much machinery is needed for the cultivating of the new soil and that the crops, when harvested, must be carried such a distance that very much of the profit is lost at this point. Then they also claim that the cost of materials is almost prohibitive, and that they have been compelled to live on a scarcity of variety of food, which would not be tolerated in "God's country," which they call the old neighborhoods so filled with happy memories and just at present 11 and 12-cent cotton. Many horses and mules are required for the working of the farms and most of all a scarcity of labor makes it impossible to make the best of the conditions that do exist.

Even the labor that is available, the farmers claim, is secured by the big corporations that own vast plantations of thousands of acres, and that poor farmers have little or no show. These are only a few of the complaints made by those who return. As for schools and churches and other opportunities for betterment, they say such things are either lacking or so far away as to be out of reach in most cases, and the children must grow up the best way they know how.

One official stated that the return of one of these wanderers had come to his office last week and that he had been such a thing as securing a special rate from the southwest into this section. When being questioned, this prodigal stated that he was one of the advanced guard, and that he had promised friends when he had left Georgia that he would immediately return if it was possible to secure any reduction in the price of tickets for a round-trip party rate. He stated, most

of all, to get home again, and had not money to do so unless some cheaper tickets could be secured. This returned Georgian stated that those who wanted to come back were not the least bit particular as to the kind of cars, provided they could only start home under any condition or at any cost.

This particular farmer was none too well dressed. When he saw the official looking at his clothes, remarked that styles in the southwest were considerably different and that even if he didn't appear to the best advantage in this section, he was looked on as a dude among many of his neighbors.

## Poultry Notes.

It is a good thing now and then to feed the chickens paroled corn, and some of it may as well be burned to charcoal. A change of diet is always a good thing, and charcoal should go with much of the fermenting things that fowls eat.

If you ship poultry in returnable coops, there is a little foresight that will save much trouble in cleaning coops, and also keep them clean. Have some good, thick paper or pasteboard, the right size, and lay several thicknesses on the floor in the coop. These can be taken out when dirty and leave a clean surface.

Don't start out in the poultry business by expecting to be successful "if you have luck." There is no such thing as luck in raising fowls of any sort. Business principles are the luck. If you raise poultry on strict business principles and learn the most intelligent ways of doing it you will succeed; otherwise, you will not.

Chickens like nothing better than bones. They are especially fond of the bones of other chickens. In fact, they are real cannibals, but the bones are very good for them. It pays well to provide bones as a regular part of their diet. Fresh beef or other animal bones from the shop of the butcher are the best, but they should be ground fine in a bone-mill. Poultry bones of all sorts from the table may be beaten and chopped fine enough with a hatchet or an ax.

Here is a good record from an exchange: An Iowa woman writes to a poultry journal that in one year, with 100 hens, she sold 9,000 eggs for \$93. One hundred and forty-three chickens brought \$37, and sixty-five chickens and 1,200 eggs were used at home. She now has 400 chicks, all being Buff Rocks and Leghorns.

When one starts in with an incubator and brooder to raise chickens without experience, they are very likely to become disgusted with the machines and wish they had never seen them. But cultivate patience, and remember that "experience is the best teacher." Neither printed instructions nor what experienced persons tell you is worth half as much as that you learn yourself. From chopping wood to playing the piano, it is your own practice alone that makes perfect.

Next to the egg-eating hen, the greatest nuisance is the egg-sucking dog. For such a big, noble-looking animal, he is worth of tartar emetic, break a small hole in the end of an egg, pour some of the white out, and fill with a teaspoonful of the drug. Paste paper over the hole and give dogs as long as the dog will eat it. Usually one dose is sufficient.

## The Lion's Share.

"That is a quibble, a mere quibble," said Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, in a discussion of football rules, according to the Kansas City Journal. He laughed ironically.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the children of a friend of mine whom I visited in the summer."

"Those children, two boys, got on none too well."

"Here," said their mother to the oldest of them one day, here is a banana, divide it with your little brother, and see that he gets the lion's share."

"The younger child, a few minutes later set up a great bawling."

"Mamma," he shrieked, "John hasn't given me any banana."

"What's this?" said the mother, hurrying in.

"The younger child, a few minutes later set up a great bawling."

## A Clever Imitation.

A certain Cleveland attorney, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, has two bright little children. They are quick at imitation, and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. A few days ago their mother found they were playing "doctor." The younger child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older the physician, with a silk hat and cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway:—

"I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum! hum! coated!" said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer.

"How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle filled with what looked like either bread or mud pills, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," said the physician, "dissolve in water, every seventeen minutes—al-to-mittly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor.

"Good morning!"

## Knew Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair or the excellent champagne he had taken with his supper—at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmeet through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she said; "one able to live on your small salary."

—A nephew of the Emperor of China and the chief engineer of the Chinese government are in England making arrangements for the building in China of a great arsenal or factory for the making of military rifles.

—A man in a novel never seems a real hero to a woman unless, just before he calls on the heroine, he stops to give a nickel to a street urchin.

—People can go to State's prison and get out for good behavior, but marriage is a sentence for life.

—The best social refinement is to be refined of self.

## Why the Stove was Elevated.

During the college days of ex-Mayor Bossom of Lynn he had two of the professors of the college as guests at a hunting camp in the Maine woods. When they entered the camp their attention was attracted to the unusual position of the stove which was set on posts about four feet high.

One of the professors began to comment upon the knowledge woodmen gain by observation. "Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove was in its regular place on the floor."

The other professor was of the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window, in order that cool and pure air could be had at night.

Mr. Bossom, being more practical, contended that the stove was elevated in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry.

After considerable argument each man placed a dollar bill upon the table, and it was agreed that the one whose opinion was nearest the guide's reason for elevating the stove should take the pool. The guide was called and asked why the stove was placed in such an unusual position.

"Well," said he, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stovepipe overboard, and had to set the stove up there so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."

He got the money.

## A Shrewd Captain.

Captain McB—, a canny Scot, was once in command of a troop ship returning from India. On board he had as passengers, three ladies, all wives of officers in her majesty's service.

Now, it fell out that the cabin allotted to them was fitted up to accommodate four wash basins, one of which was far larger than the other three.

For the right to use this special basin each lady put forth her claim, but the husbands, unfortunately, all proved to be of equal rank, so to clinch the matter, the trio bearded the captain in his cabin.

"We will leave it entirely to you, captain," they said, "and abide by your decision."

Capt. McB— cogitated duly, and then declared solemnly, with the faintest twinkle in his gray eyes:

"Well, as it is no matter of rank, I think it will be that the oldest among ye should have the biggest bowl."

"With murmured thanks they all filed out again; but that basin was never used during the voyage.—London Spare Moments.

—The historical facts concerning marriage as an institution are probably only vaguely known to the majority of people, most of whom would doubtless be surprised to learn that the institution, as we know it to-day, is less than 500 years old, says Harper's Weekly. Histories of the marriage ceremony show that it was not solemnized in church as a religious rite until the time of Pope Innocent III, A. D. 1198, and was not considered a sacrament until 1442.

—The light of the church does not depend on the oiliness of the saints.

## Philander and the Office Boy.

Mr. Knox, at present a senator from Pennsylvania, was formerly engaged in the practice of law in Pittsburgh.

One day, says a friend, Mr. Knox was much put out to find on his arrival at his office that everything was topsy turvy and that the temperature of his rooms was much too low for comfort. Summoning his office boy, a lad but recently entered in his employ, the lawyer asked who had raised every window in the place on such a cold morning.

"Mr. Muldoon, sir," was the answer.

"Who is Mr. Muldoon?" asked the attorney.

"The janitor, sir."

"And who is Mr. Reilly?"

"He's the man that cleans the rooms."

Mr. Knox looked sternly at the boy and said: "See, here Richard, we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." And the boy retired.

In a few minutes he reappeared and in a shrill, piping voice announced:

"There's a gentleman that wants to see you, Philander."

## Correction of Mistakes.

"The late George W. Catt, who gave his body for dissection, was a sufferer from ill-health for many years," says a physician. "Traveling here and there, he made almost as many medical friends as Robert Louis Stevenson did."

"Mr. Catt once told me an old story about a physician in Paris. This physician called at a business man's office one day and said:

"Pardon, Monsieur X, but in settling my quarterly account yesterday you gave me this bad 100 franc note."

"The business man took the note and examined it. It was bad undoubtedly. He handed it back to the physician.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I made the mistake unintentionally, believe me. But it's too late to rectify it now."

"The physician started. 'Too late?' he exclaimed hotly. 'What do you mean? Must I suffer for your mistake?'

"Why not?" said the other calmly. "I suffer for yours. And did you ever take anything off your bill in consequence?"

## A Love Test.

This tale is told in the Orient. A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you."

"Oh, you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her."

On hearing this, the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true you would not have gone to make love to another woman."

—The light of the church does not depend on the oiliness of the saints.

**C**OW PEAS draw nitrogen from the air in large amounts, if sufficient POTASH and phosphoric acid are applied to the plant.

The multitude of purposes served by the remarkable cow pea, are told in the 65-page illustrated book, "The Cow Pea," which also tells of the splendid results obtained from fertilizing cow peas with POTASH. The book is free to farmers for the asking.

New York—93 Nassau Street, Address, GERMAN KALI WORKS, Atlanta, Ga.—72½ So. Broad Street.

FRED. G. BROWN, Pres. and Treas. B. F. MAULDIN, Vice President  
A. S. FARMER, Secretary.

## The Anderson Real Estate and Investment Co.,

—BUYERS AND SELLERS OF—

## REAL ESTATE, STOCKS &amp; BONDS.

J. C. CUMMINGS, Sales Dep't.

Our facilities for handling your property are perfect, as we are large advertisers all over the country. Right now we are having considerable inquiry for farms in this and adjoining Counties, and owners of farm lands in the Piedmont section who wish to dispose of their property will find that we are in a position to make quick and satisfactory sales.

Now is the time to list your property with us, and we will proceed at once to give attention to all properties entrusted to us.

Address all communications to J. C. Cummings, Sales Department.

## ANDERSON REAL ESTATE &amp; INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Now comes the "Good Old Summer Time" when you want one of our

## Up-to-Date VEHICLES for Pleasure.

Carriages, Surreys,  
Phaetons, Buggies,  
Run-A-Bouts,  
Buckboard, Traps,

And in fact anything you need in the Vehicle line you will find at our depots. A fine line of HARNESS, SADDLES, UMBRELLAS, CAN-OPY SHADES, DUSTERS, &c.

Call and examine for yourself, and if we cannot suit you it will be our fault.

Very truly,  
FRETWELL-HANKS CO., Anderson, S. C.

## SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST SYSTEM!

## Unexcelled Dining Car Service.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars on all Trains.

Convenient Schedules on all Local Trains.

WINTER TOURIST RATES are now in effect to all Florida Points. For full information as to rates, routes, etc., consult nearest Southern Railway Ticket Agent, or

R. W. HUNT, Division Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.

BROOKS MORGAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

CHINA.

\$3.00 WILL BUY A

FINE

FRENCH

CHINA

TEA-SET!

BEAUTIFULLY

DECORATED.

A VARIETY OF

ODD PIECES

AND

NOVELTIES.

JOHN M. HUBBARD,

JEWELLER.

HOTEL BLOCK.

## ONE CAR OF HOG FEED.

Have just received one Car Load of HOG FEED (Shorts) at very close prices. Come before they are all gone. Now is the time for throwing—

## LIME

Around your premises to prevent a case of fever or some other disease, that will cost you very much more than the price of a barrel of Lime (\$1.00). We have a fresh shipment in stock, and will be glad to send you some. If you contemplate building a barn or any other building, see us before buying your—

## CEMENT and LIME,

As we sell the very best qualities only.

O. D. ANDERSON.

**FARMERS' BONE**

TRADE MARK  
**F.S.R.**  
REGISTERED

**Notice!**

We are now mailing

**Royster Farmer's Almanac FOR 1906**

Any Planter failing to receive copy can get same by advising us by postal card.

This Almanac is of special interest to every planter; sent free upon application.

ADDRESS REQUEST TO  
**F. S. ROYSTER CUANO CO.**  
Advertising Department  
NORFOLK, VA.